

SATURDAY EVENING POST

NOV 13 1954



Dr. Hans Gisevius, former anti-Nazi double-agent, meets with CIA boss Dulles to recall the roles they played in the 1944 plot against Hitler's life.

AMERICA'S SECRET AGENTS:

The Mysterious Doings of CIA

By *RICHARD and GLADYS HARKNESS*

There are few men more feared by the Reds than Allen Dulles, boss of our Central Intelligence Agency. Here, in an exclusive Post report, are some of the strange adventures of America's "Master Spy."

CONCLUSION

THERE is nothing in the relaxed composure of Allen W. Dulles, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, as he sits in the privacy of his library at home, to indicate his concern with spies, saboteurs and sleuths. A tall, vigorous man of athletic build, clad in conservative clothes, he sinks into an easy chair and puffs his pipe with the airy manner of one who has no more devious schemes in mind than to beat his best friend at a round of golf. He has sparse gray hair, a high forehead, blue eyes, a cropped mustache vaguely reminiscent of Teddy Roosevelt's, an open countenance and a benign smile. The bookshelves which reach to the ceiling are lined with thick volumes of world history, economics, international banking and law. Here is an urbane, successful professional man.

Dulles' easy air of dignity and authority is that of a man of sixty-one who enjoys the pace he has set for his late middle age. His booming laugh fills the room as he explains the odd clay pipe on his desk. It is an opium pipe which he claimed as a souvenir of a raid he and fellow students made on an opium den in China while touring the Far East.

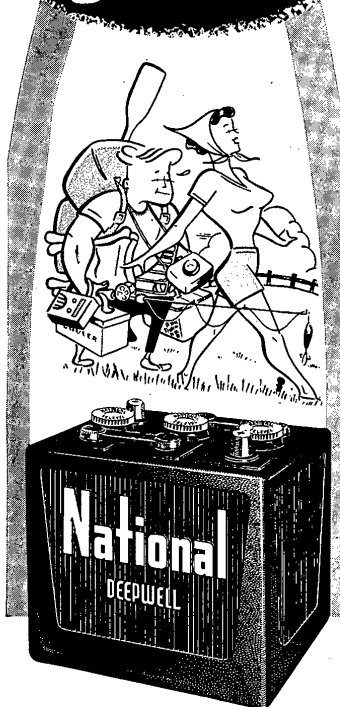
"Master spy" is the accolade Dulles' confederates apply to him. His disarming smile and guileless manner belie the words. But as his career is traced over the last four decades, a picture develops of a tough-minded, hardheaded, steel spring of a man with an aptitude and zest for matching wits with an unseen foe. After World War II, Dulles received the Medal for Merit, the highest award our Government gives a civilian, with an accompanying citation by

President Truman, for his exploits as an OSS agent operating in Bern from 1942 through 1946:

Mr. Dulles, within a year, effectively built up an intelligence network employing hundreds of informants and operatives reaching into Germany, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary, Spain, Portugal and North Africa. . . . Particularly notable achievements by Mr. Dulles were his first reports, as early as May, 1943, of the existence of a German experimental laboratory at Peenemünde for the testing of a rocket bomb, his report on the flooding of the Belgian and Dutch coastal areas long before similar information came from other sources, his report on the rocket installations over the Pas de Calais, and his reports on damage inflicted by the Allied Air Force as a result of raids on Berlin and other German, Italian and Balkan cities, which were forwarded within two or three days of the operations.

(Continued on Page 132)

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THE MYSTERIOUS DOINGS OF CIA

(Continued from Page 30)

Behind that dry, matter-of-fact language lies a series of real-life tales of espionage no fiction could equal. Bern was the center of wartime intrigue, a neutral city infested by agents and secret couriers of every hostile nation, who used the most elaborate deceptions to cross and recross the borders of Germany, France, Italy and the Balkans. Traitors with secrets to sell for gold, incognito emissaries with schemes to undermine their own governments, spies and counterspies stalked one another to out-of-the-way parks, secluded cafés or apartment hide-outs.

Dulles operated, in Bern, from an apartment in a house dating back to the fifteenth century. A clanking door opened onto a medieval courtyard overlooking the Aar River. The neatly engraved card above the knocker identified the occupant as: ALLEN W. DULLES, SPECIAL ASSISTANT TO THE UNITED STATES MINISTER.

To Dulles' unsuspecting friends who accepted that diplomatic cover, he was referred to, jokingly, as Cinderella. Dulles left evening social functions early in order to be in his apartment at eleven, when he held nightly telephone conversations with Washington. Then his day had only begun.

Late one night Dulles had a rendezvous with a man known only as George Wood. George was, in fact, an employee in the German Foreign Office in Berlin. During the next two years George directed a flow of copies of more than 2000 Nazi documents across the border. Microfilms of these papers had been made inside an operating room at Berlin's Charité Hospital, which figured recently in the defection of West Germany Security Chief Otto John. Dulles learned, through George, of a clandestine radio transmitter in the German Embassy in Dublin used to direct submarine raids on Allied shipping. George disclosed plans to trap a large American troop convoy about to sail from New York. There was time for the Navy to reroute the ships. It was George who tipped Dulles to the true identity of the much publicized enemy spy of World War II—Cicero, the Nazi agent who was "valet" to the British ambassador in Ankara, and later subject of the movie thriller, *Five Fingers*.

Another night, during a blackout in Zurich, Dulles by prearrangement met Hans Gisevius. Like Dulles, Gisevius operated behind a diplomatic disguise, German vice-consul in Zurich. He was, in reality, a member of Hitler's counterintelligence service, Abwehr. But his true role, Gisevius told Dulles, was anti-Nazi double-agent—a leader in the conspiracy to assassinate *Der Führer*.

If Dulles had reason to doubt one who admitted such double-dealing, his suspicions were soon removed. Gisevius produced confidential Abwehr transcripts recording Dulles' communications to Washington—proof that Nazi counteragents had broken an OSS code. But news of "Breakers"—the name Dulles used to identify the anti-Hitler plot in his messages to headquarters—was safe. Dulles had employed another cryptographic system to transmit that information. Gisevius kept Dulles informed of each development in the several plots against Hitler's life—even to the place and the exact hour of the explosion of the bomb in East Prussia on July 20, 1944.

Besides the Medal for Merit from the United States for such accomplishments, Dulles was made an Officer of the Legion of Honor by France; was awarded the Order of S. S. Maurizio e Lazzaro by Italy; and the Cross of Officer of the Order of Leopold by Belgium. The War Department awarded Dulles the Medal of Freedom, and he was generally credited with shortening the war through his clandestine negotiations leading to the surrender of German troops in Italy. But he treasures, above his medals and ribbons, a cablegram from an old-line Army general, a veteran of the G-2 branch of the service, which had bitterly fought the entrance of civilians into intelligence. The message read: "Countless parents, if they were privileged to know what you have done, would bless you. I have a son in the 10th Mountain Division, and I know what you have done. I do bless you."

Since these World War II experiences amounted to an education in intelligence by the case method, it was only natural that Dulles should succeed Gen. Walter Bedell Smith as director of CIA when Smith became Under Secretary of State. He was slated for the post whether the Democrats or Republicans won the 1952 election. His life-long background would seem to be preparation for this one assignment.

His father, the Rev. Allen Macy Dulles, was pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Watertown, in upstate New York. The Dulles family, including two sons and three daughters, was a lusty, uninhibited clan. After services on Sunday, the group would march home, singing hymns at the tops of their voices. It was the scholarly bent of their preacher father and the lessons in self-discipline from their strong-willed mother, Edith Foster Dulles, which pointed Allen and John Foster toward careers in Washington.

The tradition of public service already was strong in the Dulles strain. The boys' maternal grandfather was John Watson Foster, Secretary of State under President Benjamin Harrison; and an uncle by marriage, Robert Lansing, succeeded William Jennings Bryan as Secretary of State in the Cabinet of Woodrow Wilson.

Grandfather Foster, who had no sons of his own, insisted that Allen and Foster visit him frequently in Washington. Gathered around the dinner table, the boys listened as Secretary Foster and Lansing argued the rights and wrongs of the British and Boer positions in the Boer War. Allen, who was eight at the time, decided that the British were to blame for the conflict. So he wrote a book upholding the Boer cause—a book his doting grandfather had published, juvenile expressions, misspellings, errors in grammar, and all.

The youthful partisan engaged in no diplomatic double talk in describing the sufferings of the Boer women and children in the African concentration camps and the destitution of Boer prisoners in Bermuda. "England goes around fighting all the little countries," he scrawled. "But she never dares to fight either China or Russia. All the people that have their independence should like to see the Boers win for England is trying to take it from the Boers. I hope the Boers will win for the Boers are in the right and the British are in the wrong in the war." The book rated coverage by *The New York Times*, sold several thousand copies, raised nearly \$1000 for the Boer relief fund, and, years later, helped Allen win a bride.

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Thousand Islands, Allen said to his mother, "I've met the most wonderful girl. Her name is Clover Todd. I'm not sure yet whether she will marry me." A return trip the next week produced Miss Todd's assent, so the young suitor went to New York to ask her father, a professor at Columbia University, for his daughter's hand.

"Who is this Allen Dulles?" the professor demanded. True to his profession, he rushed to the card catalogue of the university library to see if this unknown had ever written a book or treatise. There it was: DULLES, ALLEN W.—THE BOER WAR. The couple became officially engaged, and married three months later.

By that time Allen had received his education, and was on his way to a career in intelligence. After attending the Ecole Alsacienne in Paris, he had gone to Princeton, where he received his B.A. degree with a Phi Beta Kappa key in 1914. He traveled in the Far East, teaching one term for \$500 at a missionary school in Allahabad, India, before returning to Princeton for his M.A.

Dulles decided to follow his grandfather and uncle in diplomacy. His first Foreign Service post was Vienna. Dissident Austrian forces were attempting to upset their country's *entente* with Germany, and Dulles' assignment was to make contact with the antigovernment leaders. But when war broke out with Austria on the German side, the young diplomat was transferred to Switzerland to gather political intelligence from Southeastern Europe.

There, Dulles learned a lesson he has not forgotten. He was invited to meet a peculiar-looking journalist, a man with a spade beard whose unconventional political beliefs were becoming the subject of talk and derision. Dulles declined on advice of his superiors, who said that he would be wasting his time. He discovered too late that the "character" was Nikolai Lenin, who was off to Russia by then for the revolution. Dulles has had a general rule ever since of seeing as many as possible of those who ask to see him. His callers are distributed in small offices in CIA head-

quarters, and the director moves from one to another in the manner of a busy dentist. "You never know," he explains, "when or where lightning will strike."

After Switzerland, assignments took Dulles to Paris, Berlin and Constantinople, and back to Washington, where he became chief of the State Department's Division of Near Eastern Affairs at the age of twenty-nine. Busy as he was in that post, he was a delegate to the Arms Traffic and Preparatory Disarmament conferences in Geneva, and managed, by attending night law classes at George Washington University, to earn his LL.B. degree in 1926.

The same year the State Department offered young Dulles the post of counselor to the American legation in Peiping, a promotion in rank, but providing for no raise in his \$8000-a-year salary, despite the increased entertainment expenditures entailed. Dulles submitted his resignation from the Foreign Service. He had a family now. Besides, he remembered the counsel of his uncle, Robert Lansing, "Don't make China your forte. That problem will not be solved in your lifetime."

In private life for the first time, Dulles joined the New York international-law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell, where John Foster Dulles had become a partner. The younger Dulles not only topped his Government salary but he broadened his activities in world affairs. He was legal adviser to the American delegations to the Three Power Naval Conference in 1927, and to the Geneva Disarmament Conference of 1932 and 1933. He became a director, and then president, of the Council of Foreign Relations.

Even when Dulles tried his hand at politics, unsuccessful as his efforts were, he made personal contacts which proved valuable in his intelligence work later. He lost his race for a place on the Republican congressional ticket in 1938, but his work among naturalized citizens in support of Willkie for President in 1940 gave him a wide acquaintance among Russian, Polish, Czech and other foreign-born Americans. That knowledge proved immensely helpful when agents with an intimate knowledge of their homelands were needed.

These days, concentrating on cold-war techniques to employ against those of the communists, Dulles spends from eight A.M. until six P.M. in his office. His full working day extends until late into the night. More often than not, during the evening, he receives callers at his home. On such occasions, Dulles may telephone his wife, "Two men will arrive at 6:30. Receive them, will you, please? I will be delayed." Receive them she does, with no idea as to their names or the purpose of their visit.

The Dulles home, Highlands, an eight-acre estate, is leased from the widow of Admiral Cary Grayson, personal physician to President Wilson. One of Washington's landmarks, it was built in 1815. Its tall, vine-covered columns front on Wisconsin Avenue, one of the capital's busiest streets, but the stone house is hidden from public view by tall trees and massive shrubs. To the rear, a series of terraces stretches down to an extensive maze of boxwood. The house and gardens are encircled by woods, dark and deep, where wild rabbits scamper and owls hoot.

It is there, after he has read the voluminous reports which have poured into CIA from all parts of the world during the day, that Dulles likes to stroll at night, puffing a final pipeful of tobacco before bed. After just one tour of inspection of the property last spring, CIA sent a crew with orders to clean



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PUT IT THIS WAY

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

- Conscience is what makes you worry about what it couldn't stop you from doing.
- The only way some people can make ends meet these days is to rumba on a crowded dance floor.
- Nothing brings you good luck so much as not relying on it.
- Often a beauty parlor is a place where the gossip alone is enough to curl your hair.
- Any hotel that makes you feel at home should provide better service than that.
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out the underbrush and shrubbery. Mrs. Dulles met the foreman at the door with a gentle suggestion, "Let's wait until the shrubs have bloomed, shall we?" The workmen are waiting still.

Mrs. Dulles, who bears the first name of Clover after her granduncle, Peter Lewis Clover, an artist, is a tall, slender woman of great charm. She is responsive to the daily drama surrounding her, and senses when her whimsical humor can ease the strain of her husband's responsibilities. If an attack of gout causes him sleepless nights, she attributes it to his high-living forebears, and recalls the frequent "P. and M." entries in the diary of his missionary-grandfather. Not until years later did the family discover that "P. and M." comprised the old gentleman's secret code for a nip of "Port and Madeira."

The Dulleses appear frequently at the swank but crowded official receptions given at foreign embassies for visiting distinguished officials. But the couple have developed a hit-and-run party technique so Dulles can get home to begin his round of evening appointments and hours of reading. The Dulleses go down the receiving line, lose themselves in the crowd and slip through a side door.

Leaving the Spanish Embassy's mid-summer reception for the daughter of Generalissimo Franco, they went through a pair of French doors into the walled garden and looked for the exit onto the street. There was none.

"We're trapped," Dulles said. "Nothing to do but to go back in, stay awhile, and go down the line again to say good-by."

Clover Dulles is not a lady to be daunted so easily. She measured the height of the wall. "Dare you," she said. "Here goes." Passers-by on Washington's fashionable 16th Street were surprised to see the director of the CIA and his wife come clambering over the Spanish Embassy garden wall.

Dulles is always ready to make a joke on himself. It is a CIA rule that a top official on a mission must never carry his own dispatch case. A CIA courier, taking an entirely different route, delivers the dispatch case to the officer at his final destination.

Before taking off for Europe on a case he was handling personally, Dulles dined with old Washington friends and stayed late to talk. As he was departing, his hostess came running down the porch steps.

"Allen," she said, "I've heard all about how you must guard your papers with your life. Look what you're leaving!" She handed him his dispatch case.

"You have me," Dulles said ruefully. "So I'll let you in on something." He opened the worn cowhide case. In it were two day-old New York newspapers and the soiled shirt he had changed at the office.

Dulles is never far removed from the shadowy world of intrigue in which he has spent so much of his adult life. One Saturday night the Dulleses were sitting in the Georgetown garden of an Army general. Dulles took part in the conversation, but he seemed more preoccupied with his own thoughts.

Suddenly, he blurted, "Look at that! There it goes again!" Dulles pointed to a window across the way where an exceptionally bright light shone briefly. In a moment it came on again, and this time it burned for a slightly longer interval. "Signaling!" Dulles exclaimed. "Someone is signaling!"

Investigation developed that the light was coming from an unshaded

bulb hanging from a ceiling fixture in the busy bathroom of a house where a noisy Saturday-night party was going full tilt.

If colleagues josh Dulles about the melodrama of that incident, they also appreciate the necessity for such night-and-day acuteness on the part of the man responsible for perfecting and directing a successful American intelligence service. Before CIA, an intelligence fiasco enabled the Japanese to stage their sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. In 1950, when CIA was only three years old and still struggling to develop an intelligence-reporting technique, the communists caught us off guard in South Korea. But more recently CIA has been calling the turns in the Far East.

The Intelligence Advisory Committee predicted in a national estimate following the truce in Korea, that Mao Tse-tung would direct his next aggressive

telligence system is coming of age. But the CIA is only seven years old. The British "silent service" has 300 years of experience, pride and continuity of operation. There is an intelligence "trade" story, probably apocryphal, of the German who was an undercover British agent in World War I. When he died, his son succeeded him. London heard nothing from her new operative for twenty-one years. In the summer of 1939, a message came: "Poland September First." Hitler attacked Poland on that day to launch World War II.

Over CIA, the Russian KGB holds almost every advantage in the espionage and counterespionage book. The Iron Curtain is a real wall—as much as 150 miles deep in some areas—keeping pro-democratic influence out and Russian secrets in. Behind this barrier, guarded by barbed wire, land mines and police dogs, and patrolled by Red frontier

The New York Times or a dime for a Wall Street Journal to learn, in the financial sections, which American industrial firms have been awarded defense contracts for how many weapons of what type. CIA would happily spend millions of dollars for military information on Russia corresponding to that which the Reds pick up at our corner newsstands for small change.

American security information is virtually thrust into Russian hands, in some cases, by the United States Government itself. The Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security held a long and detailed hearing into loyalty allegations against a career Foreign Service officer, John Paton Davies. The issue revolved around Davies' suggestion that certain communists or party-liners and left-wingers be used by CIA. The full hearing transcript was published—including the testimony of four witnesses from CIA. Two of the quartet were valuable covert agents. In intelligence parlance, the "covers" were "blown" and the two agents are now useless.

Again, the hearing record covering the special investigation into the loyalty of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer was a rich vein of information for the communists on this country's progress on the hydrogen bomb. The entire 992-page document may be obtained by anyone. A communist spy need only address "Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C."

To summarize further this report by two Washington correspondents who have spent twelve months covering CIA on assignment by The Saturday Evening Post, we offer these conclusions:

Give the CIA ten years and our intelligence will equal or surpass the British. CIA is better in some areas now.

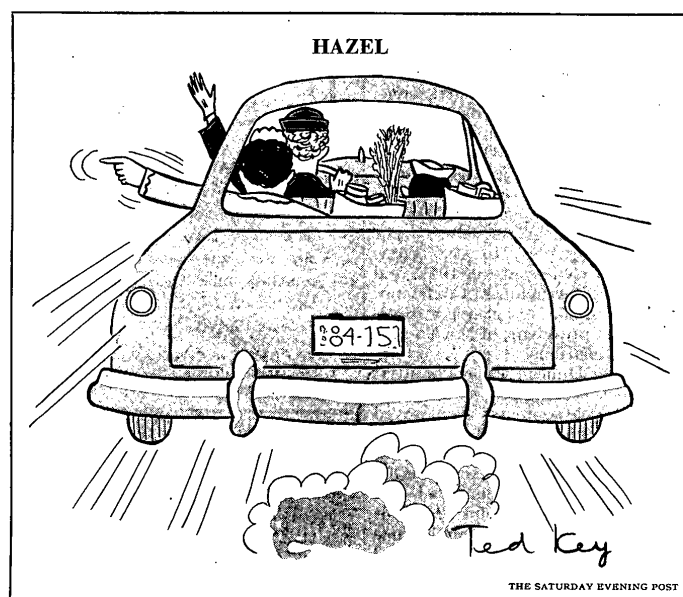
CIA is not without information from behind the Iron Curtain and from inside Russia, but we are dissatisfied with the amount we get. On the other hand, we tell the Russians too much.

Finally, we have found that, on the whole, qualified observers in Washington believe that CIA deserves the trust and confidence of Congress and the people. The agency has its critics. We talked to those who claim that CIA duplicates intelligence research of other agencies; that while rivalry between intelligence branches of the armed forces is decreasing, jealousy between the military and civilians still poses a problem to CIA's function as a central evaluation agency; that CIA is overstuffed; that CIA intelligence reports are too voluminous whereas evaluators must learn to choose only the nuggets; that CIA is wasteful.

But intelligence in itself is costly. The business of engaging in espionage and counterespionage is like wildcatting for oil. A driller digs nine dry wells in a row, and stockholders accuse him of pouring money down a hole. But if the operator hits oil on his tenth venture, the net result is profit. A helping hand in the rescue of one country such as Guatemala or Iran from communism is worth CIA's annual budget many times over.

Whether the squeamish like it or not, the United States must know what goes on in those dark places of the world where our overthrow is being plotted by the communists. If American policy of combating communism is moral, the procurement of intelligence to carry out that policy is moral as well.

This is the last of three articles by Richard and Gladys Harkness.



sion toward Southeastern Asia by supporting the Vietminh in Indochina. More specifically, American officials with access to CIA reports became concerned when French Gen. Henri-Eugene Navarre stationed eighteen French Union battalions at Dienbienphu with no route for withdrawing his troops in event of an engulfing communist attack. Navarre undoubtedly was acting on the strength of the French-intelligence premise that the communists would infiltrate the country surrounding the jungle fortress, rather than attack the stronghold in force.

CIA warned, however, that a head-on assault on Dienbienphu was likely. The agency "paper" estimated that the charge would be timed with the fixing of the date, at the Berlin diplomatic talks with the Reds, for the Indochinese peace negotiations to begin at Geneva. In Korea, our experience had been that whenever our truce parley with the communists reached a critical stage at Panmunjom, the enemy mounted an offensive at the front in the hope of laying a fresh military victory on the bargaining table. CIA foresaw the same Red strategy in Indochina. But its warning was disregarded. Navarre lost his entire defense force, and the capture of Dienbienphu was the communists' top trump at Geneva.

Such reliable estimates, developed by CIA on Southeastern Asia and Indochina, are evidence that America's in-

troops, the MVD holds a dictatorial grasp on all Russian subjects.

Every Soviet diplomat and correspondent for Tass, the official Red news agency, doubles as a communist agent. Delegations of Russian businessmen, athletes, chess players or ballet stars leaving Russian soil on "goodwill missions"—accompanied by secret-police guards—must report all conversations with noncommunists. The KGB siphons information through the cells of the roughly 25,000 Communist Party members in the United States. That gives the Russian spy system an advantage in size alone. The KGB also hides behind fronts. There is the World Peace Council, an appealing name used by the Reds to institute the phony Stockholm Peace Petition. The last "council" meeting was held in Vienna. The CIA traced the \$500,000 spent to finance the session to the Soviet Military Bank in Vienna. Dulles estimates that the average expenditures of international communism for false fronts—with their resultant benefits to Red espionage—run in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000,000 a year.

Against the Soviet's police-state censorship, we Americans talk, and write, and broadcast. One of the most fertile sources of CIA information is the meager dribble of Russian scientific, technical and economic publications from inside Russia. But a communist agent need spend only a nickel for a copy of